

FEDERAL STREET

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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G. C. Phillips—
from Rev E. S. Farnett

HYMNS AND EXERCISES

FOR THE

FEDERAL STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

PART I. SACRED SONGS, BY MRS. FOLLEN.

PART II. HYMNS SELECTED FOR THE SCHOOL.

PART III. LESSONS FROM SCRIPTURE,

PART IV. PRAYERS.

APPENDIX.

BOSTON:

I. R. BUTTS, PRINTER.

1839.

NOTICE.

IN preparing this book for our Sunday School, advantage has been taken, with the Compiler's and the Publisher's permission, of the collection of hymns lately published under the title of "Sacred Songs for Sunday Schools." It constitutes the First Part. The Second Part consists of hymns selected from the "Collection of Psalms and Hymns" used by the Federal Street congregation, and from the little book which has been for several years in use in our School. Lessons from Scripture and Prayers are added, in the hope that one of the former will be read at the opening of the School, and one of the latter be repeated aloud by the children after the Superintendent, whenever he shall prefer a printed form to an extemporaneous service.

E. S. G.

Boston, Sept., 1839.

SACRED SONGS,
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY MRS. FOLLEN.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.—*Milton.*

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY B. H. GREEN,
1839.

NOTICE.

The compiler of these hymns is aware that some of them may deserve praise for their simplicity, rather than for their poetic merit. Nothing has been considered by her of so much importance, as that the devotional thoughts and sentiments expressed should be such as a child might enter into and enjoy. Many of the figurative expressions in sacred poetry, which to adults convey grand or beautiful ideas, in the literal apprehension of the minds of children, are merely terrifying or grotesque realities. Dogmas are, with them, at best mere words, taking the place of religion in the young mind. Love, joy, trust, veneration, the desire of the helpless, the ignorant, the sinful, for strength, for guidance, for protection, for pardon, afford abundant materials for sacred poetry, and all these things are intelligible and interesting to children. The beautiful hymn beginning, "I feel within a want," is a perfect model and illustration of what a child's hymn should be.

Some of the hymns in this collection are well known, some others are now published for the first time. The natural desire for novelty has been consulted by an endeavor to obtain such as were comparatively rare; but none have been admitted without a conscientious reference to the capacities and sensibilities of children. With this view, a few slight alterations have been made in some of the hymns; but in no instance, it is hoped, at the sacrifice of melody or poetic feeling.

E. L. F.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1839,
BY CHARLES FOLLEN,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

SACRED SONGS
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

✓ THE LORD'S DAY. 4

This is the day when Jesus woke
From the deep slumbers of the tomb ;
This is the day the Saviour broke
The bonds of fear and hopeless gloom.

This is indeed a holy day ;
No longer may we dread to die ;
Let every fear be cast away,
And tears be wiped from every eye.

Sorrow and pain the Saviour knew,
A dark and thorny path he trod ;
But Heaven was ever in his view,
That toilsome path led up to God.

Let every heart rejoice and sing,
Let every sin and sorrow cease ;
Let children come this day and bring
Their offering of love and peace

MORNING HYMN.

Once more the light of day I see ;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in songs to thee
Of gratitude and praise.

The "busy bee," ere this hath gone,
O'er many a bud and bell,
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

Oh may I, like the bee, still strive
Each moment to employ ;
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that cannot cloy.

The skylark from its lowly nest
Hath soar'd into the sky,
And by its joyous song express'd
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring ;
But Thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To Thee in praise and prayer ;
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe thee day by day ;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget
To thee, O God, to pray.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

The God of heaven is pleas'd to see
 A little family agree;
 And will not slight the praise they bring
 When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
 Than if we give him all our store;
 And children here who dwell in love
 Are like his happy ones above.

Great God! forgive, whenever we
 Forget thy will and disagree;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.



'SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.'

'Little children come to me,'
 This is what the Saviour said;
 Little children, come and see,
 Where these gracious words are read.

Often on these pages look,
 Of the love of God they tell;
 'Tis indeed a holy book,
 Learn to read and love it well.

Thus you hear the Saviour speak,
 'Come ye all and learn of me;'
 He was gentle, lowly, meek,
 So should all his followers be.

When our Saviour from above,
From his Father did descend,
Folded in his arms of love,
Children knew him for their friend.

Every little child he bless'd ;
Bless'd in innocence they are ;
Little children he caress'd :
Praise him in your infant prayer !

HYMN.

Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray ?

If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will he hear my cry ?
And when I shall be sick and old,
O, then will God be nigh ?

Yes ; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love ;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him, he is near ;
He looks upon the heart,
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer ;

Where'er the faithful Christian goes,
He finds his Father there.

Obedient children need not fear,
God is a faithful friend ;
And when no other help is near,
He will deliverance send.

Then fear not hunger, cold, or pain,
But fear to disobey
That power which does your life sustain,
And guards you every day.

‘GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.’

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall hail that day ;
God will make new heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

dear flowers

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The Oak tree, and the Cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours ;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night ?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high ;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth ?

—To minister delight to man ;
To beautify the earth ;
To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him !

THANKS FOR A PLEASANT DAY.

Come let us all with heart and voice
To God our Father sing and pray,
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

The clear blue sky looks full of love ;
Let all our selfish passions cease !
O let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace.

If we have done a brother wrong,
O let us seek to be forgiven ;
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to Heaven.

This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy ?

O may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin ;
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer ;
And deign a helpless one to keep
By thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear,
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who through the long defenceless night
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
'Their young ones sleep beneath their wing
Secure from every ill.

Thus mayst Thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By 'Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
The helpless are thy care ;
And we are sure through thy dear Son
Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.

✓ 4 EVENING ASPIRATIONS.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day, for toil hast given,
For rest, the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

✓ CONTENTMENT.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass ;
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moss and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.
Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile ;
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.

Thus I learn Contentment's power,
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

✓
PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
'That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try :
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death :
He enters heaven by prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word and deed and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

✓ CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
See his sacrifice complete ;
'It is finish'd,' hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
—Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes,
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

d
—
'THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH.'

Almighty Father ! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,

If from my heart I humbly seek
For help and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtue strong ;
Help me to think of thee !

Let Christian courage guard my youth ;
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

God is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray ;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still,
And that he listens to their pray'rs,
Just as a tender father will.

He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies giv'n ;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heav'n.

Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide ;
Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

See the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds the tender lamb.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

When wandering from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To guide us, lest we stray.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arm,
We're safe from every snare.

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

When for some little insult giv'n,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heav'n,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind ;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturb'd his heav'nly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard,
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view ;
“ Father, forgive their sin,” he said,
“ They know not what they do.”

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee,
My temper to amend ;
But speak the pard’ning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

HYMN.

Praise to God, O let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light,
Praise to him who gave us sight,
Praise to him who form’d the ear ;
Will he not his children hear ?

Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers,
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin ;

Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there.

Praise his mercy, that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend ;
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

MORNING HYMN.

Another smiling day I see,
Another day, my God, for thee ;
To thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.

Another smiling day I see !
Then let me bend in prayer to thee,
And thank thee for the tranquil rest,
The sleep thy guardian care has blest.

Another smiling day I see,
And various duties point to thee ;
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love.

When evening's tranquil shades descend,
With thee this smiling day shall end,
And still the darker shades of night
Thy presence, Lord ! shall gild with light.

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,

God does not care for what I say,
Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while,
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though this should be my greatest joy,
To love and seek the Lord.

Oh ! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a pray'r,
That comes not from the heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

✓ 4 —
THE CHILD'S RESOURCE IN ANGRY MOMENTS.

When in my heart rise angry thoughts,
And on my tongue are words unkind,
With what strong chains, by what blest art,
Shall I the wrathful spirit bind ?

How shall I check the passion fierce
My youthful bosom finds so strong,
Which bids me utter words that pierce,
And seek to do my neighbour wrong ?

Oh meek and peaceful Jesus ! then
To thee, to thee my soul shall turn ;
I will look up from earth and men ;
To copy thee, my soul shall learn.

Rememb'ring thee, thou gentle one,
How mildly thou didst bear all wrong ;
The sin of anger I shall shun,
Nor find my temper stubborn long.

A holy spell thy name shall be,
The memory of thy peaceful life,
And I will straightway think of thee,
Whene'er my soul would rise in strife.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

In winter where can be the flowers,
The leaves that look so green ?
There's not a bud in all the bowers,
Nor daisy to be seen.

And who will bring them back again,
When pleasant spring comes out ?
And plant them up and down the lane,
And spread them all about ?

And who will bring the little lambs
With wool as soft as silk,
And teach them how to know their dams,
And where to find the milk ?

And who will teach the little birds
To build their nests on high,

And though they cannot speak in words
To teach their young to fly ?

The Lord in heaven—'t is there he dwells
Who all these things can do ;
And his own book, the bible, tells
Much more about him too.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

O that it were my chief delight,
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

Whenever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got ;
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work and read and spell,
I will not think about my play
But try to do them well.

For God looks down from heav'n on high,
Our actions to behold ;
And he is pleas'd when children try
To do as they are told.

¢ ' THY WILL BE DONE.'

How sweet to be allow'd to pray
To God, the holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
' Father thy will be done.'

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son !
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
' Thy will, not mine, be done.'

AN EVENING HYMN.

Lord, I have pass'd another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care ;

Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my ev'ning pray'r.

'Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whatever I have done amiss ;
And help me, ev'ry day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I sleep, be pleas'd to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my ev'ning pray'r.

SPRING.

Hark ! the little birds are singing—
Winter's gone and summer's near ;
See the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring ?
Who painted all the flowers ?
Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours ?

O ! 't is God ! how good he is !
He does every blessing give :
All this happy world is his—
Let us love him while we live.

SUMMER.

7
'Tis Summer—glorious Summer—
Look to the glad green earth,
How from her grateful bosom,
The herb and flower spring forth—
These are her rich thanksgivings,
Their incense floats above !
Father ! what may we offer ?
Thy chosen flower—is *love* !

'Tis Summer,—blessed Summer—
The lofty hills are bright,
All nature's fountains sparkle—
Shall ours have lesser light ?
No ! bid each spirit praise Him
Who hangs on every tree
A thousand living lyres,
Awaking harmony !

'T is summer in our bosoms,
When youthful snares we fly,
And strength and peace are given,
By angel ministry—

'T is Summer in yon Heaven,
Where, Teachers, ye shall learn,
From age to age, the blessedness,
Your Sabbath work begun !

TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord ;
Exalt him, ye nations, and bow to his word ;

Let the Lord be praised in the church and in the congregation

Ye mighty, his power and wisdom proclaim,
And give him the glory due unto his name.

It is He that we hear in the storm's wild com-
motion ;

And the voice of the Lord is on the wide ocean ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his voice,
While men in his temple adore and rejoice.

'T is the Lord in the deep rolling thunder we
hear ;

While the untrodden wilderness trembles with
fear ;

O'er the high tossing billows unseen is his
way ;

Him, the floods, and the flames, and the whirl-
winds obey.

He spreads o'er his people the wings of his
love,

And gives them the peace which descends
from above ;

Then give him the glory and praise evermore ;
And join with all nature his name to adore.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG COMPANION.

Farewell for a time !

'Thou hast gone to that clime
Where sickness and sorrow are o'er.

We loved thee when here,

We shed the sad tear,

To think we shall see thee no more.

We weep not for thee,
We remember that he
Who made little children his care,
In his own Father-land
Will reach you his hand,
And comfort and welcome you there.

Our tears they will flow ;
But do we not know
That thou art releas'd from all pain ?
Then weep not, for he
Who walk'd on the sea
Has said we shall all live again.

THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.

Cease, my complaining spirit, cease ;
Know 't is a father's hand you feel ;
It leads you to the realms of peace,
It kindly only wounds to heal.

My father, what a holy joy
Bursts on the sad, desponding mind,
To say when fiercest ills annoy,
I know my father still is kind.

This bids each trembling fear be still,
Checks every murmur, every sigh,
Patience then waits his sovereign will
Rejoic'd to live—resign'd to die.

O blessed ministry of pain,
To teach the soul its real worth

To lead it to that source again
From whence it first deriv'd its birth.

FOR CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear;
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard
And watching unto prayer.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee, and thy great name ;
A zealous, just, concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me :
My succor and salvation Lord
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

q
EVENING PRAYER.

Great source of being,
Father all seeing !
We bow before thee,
Our souls adore thee,
Help us obey thee,
Guide us aright,
Keep us, we pray thee,
Through the long night.

Thou kind, forgiving
God of all living,
Thy power defend us,

Thy peace attend us,
While we are closing
This day in prayer,
Ever reposing
Under thy care.

VIRTUOUS ASPIRATIONS.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

THE ISRAELITE WITHOUT GUILF.

The child-like faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,

Believes because it loves aright,—
Shall see things greater, things divine.

Heaven to his gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels, to and fro,
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God above and Christ below.

So still the guileless man is blest,
To him all crooked paths are straight,
Him on his way to endless rest
Fresh, evergrowing strengths await.

DEVOTION IN YOUTH.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou ! who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

The heart of childhood is all mirth :
We frolic to and fro
As free and gay as if on earth
Were no such thing as wo.

But if indeed with reckless faith
We trust the flattering voice,
Which whispers, ' Take thy fill ere death,
Indulge thee and rejoice ; '

Too surely, every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn ;
The flow'rs all die along our way
Till we, too, die forlorn.

Who, but a christian, through a life
That blessing may prolong ?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song ?

We may look home, and seek in vain
A fond fraternal heart,
But Christ has given his promise plain
To do a brother's part.

Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
The heavenward flame annoy :
The Saviour cannot pass away,
And with him lives our joy.

THE PURE IN HEART.

Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

THE WANT WITHIN.

I feel within a want,
Forever burning there,
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou, who hearest prayer.

This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy Son ;
This would I rather have,
Than call the world my own.

Like him, now in my youth,
I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

'Tis my most fervent prayer,
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will !

SOLITUDE.

My heavenly Father ! all I see
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

The clear blue sky is full of thee,
The woods so dark and lone ;
The soft south-wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

The humming of the insect throng,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds with their melodious song,
Repeat thy praises still.

And thou dost hear them every one,—
Father, thou hearest me ;
I know that I am not alone,
When I but think of thee.

GOD IS GOOD.

God thou art good ! Each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,

The insect fluttering for an hour,
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lin'd,
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little rill that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird in accents clear,
Joins in the song, that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, ' God is good.'

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renew'd ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ! And man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

AGAINST SELFISHNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone :
Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure,
Just as if it were our own ?

Let us try to care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best ;
We should all be friends and brothers ;
'T was the Saviour's last request.

His example we should borrow,
Who descended from above,
And endur'd such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,
When we will not pity lend,
Christ accounts himself offended,
Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,
Thus his goodness to reward :
Selfishness, indeed, is hateful
In the followers of the Lord.

When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake,



‘AND HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS, PUT HIS
HANDS ON THEM, AND BLESSED THEM.’

Blessings on thee, gracious Lord !
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look or word
When to thee the children came.

Happy child, upon whose head,
As he sat upon thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him—how tenderly !

Hark ! that voice is rais'd in prayer,
Which could still the tempest wild ;
Lo ! that mighty hand is there,
Laid in blessing on a child.

Blessings on thee, gracious Lord !
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look and word,
When to thee the children came.

EVENING.

How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !

And can it be I am possess'd
Of something brighter far ?
Glow there a light within this breast
Outshining every star ?

Yes ; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,

This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God has given,—
Sin may its lustre dim ;
While goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

HYMN.

It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth :
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky :
'T is God that made them all.

He gave me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well,
And he bestowed the power of thought,
And speech my thoughts to tell.

My father and my mother dear,—
He is their father too ;
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me, do.

God sees and hears me all the day,
And 'mid the darkest night ;

He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

He guards me with a parent's care,
When I am all alone :
My hymn of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

God hears what I am saying now,
O ! what a wond'rous thought !
My heavenly Father teach me how
To love thee as I ought.

4 ✓
DELIGHT IN PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit rais'd above
Will reach His throne of glory
Who 's mercy, truth, and love.

Oh ! not a joy nor blessing
With this can we compare
The power that he hath giv'n us
To pour our souls in prayer !
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

ON PRAYER.

As through the pathless fields of air
Once wandered forth the timid dove,
So does the heart, in humble prayer,
Essay to reach the throne of love.

Like her it may return unblest,
Like her again may soar,
And still return and find no rest,
No peaceful, happy shore.

But now once more she spreads her wings,
And takes a bolder flight,
And see ! the olive branch she brings,
To bless her master's sight.

And thus the heart renews its strength,
Though spent and tempest driven,
And higher soars, and brings at length
A pledge of peace with heaven.



TRUST IN JESUS.

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?

Blessed Father, gracious one !
Thou hast sent thy holy Son,
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him ;
From his precepts, wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my meekness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above,
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee my Father, near.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

(Translated from the German.)

This is the Sabbath day !
In the wide field I am alone.
Hark ! now one morning bell's sweet tone :
Now it has died away.

Kneeling I worship Thee ;
Sweet dread doth o'er my spirit steal
From whispering sounds of those who kneel
Unseen to pray with me.

Around and far away
So clear and solemn is the sky,
It seems all opening to my eye ;
This is the Sabbath day !

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the love its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

'The dew of Heaven is like His grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favor'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

¢ 'THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.'

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and wo ?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show ?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part ?

If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear ;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

CONSCIENCE.

When a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, " It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, " Your fault confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
" Child, consider," Conscience cries ;
" Should not God be sought to-day ?"

When, within his holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill ;
" Now subdue it " Conscience cries ;
" Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,

With a secret, warning voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

dv 'I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER.'

Help me, O God, to trust in thee,
Thou high and holy One !
And may my troubled spirit flee
For rest, to Thee alone.

In thee alone the soul can find
Secure and sweet repose ;
And thou can'st bid the desert mind
To blossom as the rose.

Let not this spirit, form'd to rise
Where angels claim their birth,
Forsake its home beyond the skies,
And cling to barren earth.

The bird of passage knows the sign
That warns him to depart ;
Shall I not heed the voice divine,
That whispers in my heart,

'Up ! plume thy wing, soar far away,
No longer idly roam !—
Fly to the realms of endless day ;
For this is not thy home.'

This still, small voice, O may I hear !
Ere Conscience wakes within,
And whispers in my startled ear
The certain doom of sin.

Father ! to thee my spirit cries !
Thy wandering child reclaim.
Speak ! and my dying faith shall rise,
And wake a deathless flame.

DEATH.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest.
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
' How blest the righteous when he dies.'

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

Heaven is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below, to heaven above.

4 SABBATH DAY.

How sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and Heaven.

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven ;
With filial confidence to say,
' Father, who art in Heaven ; '

With humble hope to bend the knee,
And, free from folly's leaven,
Confess that we have strayed from thee,
Thou righteous Judge in Heaven.

And if to make all sin depart ;
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from Heaven.

If from the bosom that is dear
By cold unkindness driven,
The heart that knows no refuge here
Shall find a friend in Heaven.

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite, their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven.

COMING TO JESUS.

As infants once to Christ were brought,
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To seek the same by prayer.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said ;
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smil'd ;

Oh, then, he will not frown on me
Because I am a child :

For as so many years ago
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while, this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

INSTRUCTION FROM THE HEAVENS.

Stars, that on your wond'rous way,
Travel through the ev'ning sky,
Is there nothing you can say,
To a child so small as I?
Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so?

"Yes," methinks I hear you say,
"Child of mortal race, attend,
While we run our wond'rous way,
Listen! we would be your friend,
Teaching you the name Divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

"Child, as truly as we roll,
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die.

Suns and planets pass away,
Spirits never can decay.

“ When some thousand years at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host,
Shall forsake the firmament ;
We shall from our glory fall ;
You must live beyond us all.”

“ Yes, and God, who bade us roll,
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant’s soul,
With a condescending eye,
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star !

“ O then, while your breath is giv’n,
Pour it out in fervent pray’r,
And beseech the God of heav’n,
To receive your spirit there ;
As a living star to blaze
Ever to your Saviour’s praise.”

WE NEVER PART FROM THEE.

God, who dwellest every where,
God, who makest all thy care,
God, who hearest every prayer,
Thou who seest the heart ;
Thou to whom we lift our eyes,
Father, help our souls to rise,
And, beyond these narrow skies,
See thee as thou art.

Let our anxious thoughts be still,
Holy trust adore thy will,
Holy love our bosoms fill,
 Let our songs ascend.
Dearest friends may parted be,
All our earthly treasures flee,
Yet we never part from thee,
 Our eternal Friend.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name,
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild,
Instructed day by day ?

And loved he not of Heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite ?

Yet is he near us, to survey
These bright and ordered files,
Like spring-flowers in their best array,
All silence and all smiles.

Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims—
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath
But cries of babes that cannot know
Half the deep thoughts they breathe.

EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes to night
Let me myself these questions ask,
Have I endeavored to do right,
Nor thought my duty was a task ?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard ?
When passion tempted me to speak
Have I repress'd the angry word ?

Have I with cheerful zeal obey'd
What my kind parents bid me do ?

And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true ?

In hard temptation's troubled hour
Then have I stopped to think and pray,
That God would give my soul the power,
To chase the sinful thought away ?

Oh, Thou ! who seest all my heart,
Wilt thou forgive and love me still,
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do thy will.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes
on ;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children re-
pose.
Then kneel whilst the watching stars are bright
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer ! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.

It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And give to heaven the hallowed hours.

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He hath bidden farewell to his earthly
friends ;

There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
There is peace in his calm confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words
prayer.

DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
'Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM

GREENWOOD'S "COLLECTION
OF PSALMS AND HYMNS,"

AND FROM

"ORIGINAL HYMNS FOR SAB-
BATH SCHOOLS."

BOSTON,
ISAAC R. BUTTS.

1839.



FROM

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

INVITATION TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

THE DAY OF REST.

Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy
Be every sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

MORNING.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;


That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THEIR AUTHOR.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine —
'The hand that made us is Divine.'



GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For 'Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

GOD'S PROTECTION.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

LIVING FOR GOD.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend :
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With the beloved name.

THE MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

THE CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed —
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed —
That mercy I adore !

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me, more than hell, to shun,
That, more than heaven, pursue.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, ;
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

AT PARTING.

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender shepherd of thy sheep, ,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;

Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

MORNING HYMN.

O God ! I thank Thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye :
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

EVENING HYMN.

Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest ;
For Thou hast been by day my sun,
And Thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close ;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

FROM
ORIGINAL HYMNS.

PRAYER.

Glad hearts to Thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
 Father above ;
Creation praises Thee,
O'er all around we see
 Tokens of love.

Thou who in heaven art,
To us that grace impart
 Our Master knew ;
Aid us like him to live,
To Thee our young hearts give,
 Thou only true.

Unite our souls in love,
Smile on us from above,
 'Till life be o'er ;
Then gather us to Thee,
In thine own fold to be
 Forevermore.

GRATITUDE.

We come, great God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring ;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near ;
And Thou, Oh God, dost send us,
These gifts, these friends, so dear.

And now in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to Thee we raise ;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth forever
Shall be our constant guide ;
From that straight path, oh, never
May our footsteps turn aside.

164
Leahy

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

God ! our Father, our Preserver,
Guide and Guardian of our youth ;
We adore, with grateful fervor,
Thy enduring love and truth.

Thou, O Father, showerest kindly
Gifts unnumbered on our days ;
May we ne'er o'erlook them blindly,
May we ne'er forget thy praise.

Life and health in full enjoyment,
Active minds and senses free,
All which gives our powers employment,
Heavenly Parent, come from Thee.

Ever, Father, we adore Thee
For the bounties thou hast given ;
May these blessings, we implore Thee,
Fit us for our home in heaven.

THE INVITATION.

Come to God's altar ! oh, draw near !
In trusting love, in humble fear ;
He calls thee now his face to meet,
Then haste and bow thee at his feet.

Come to God's altar ! oh, draw near !
And gladly come ! for God is here ;
Come at the call of that kind voice,
That bids thee in his love rejoice.

Come to God's altar ! oh, draw near !
With grateful praises gather here ;
Your Father calls, — your Maker, Friend ;
Oh come ! and in His presence bend.

HYMN AT ENTERING SCHOOL.

Lord ! teach my heart to learn,
Prepare my ears to hear,
And let me on this holy day
Thy holy word revere.

If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies ;
Or evil motives linger there,
To offend thy perfect eyes ;

Remove them far away ;
Instruct me in thy love ;
That I may walk with Thee below,
And live with Thee above.

AT OPENING OF SCHOOL.

Lord ! may this little band
Find favor in thy sight ;
We seek for thine Almighty hand,
To guide our steps aright.

Wilt Thou forgive each sin,
Reclaim us when astray ;
Oh guide our wandering footsteps in
Thy pure and holy way.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

My Father, God, — the mighty One,
Who built the earth, who made the sun,—
Yet makes the smallest child His care,
And listens to its faintest prayer.

Angels are round about his throne ;
Yet all *my* wants to Him are known :
Unnumber'd worlds his power obey ;
Yet He upholds *me* in my way.

How wond'rous this, how far above
All other power, all other love.
How shall a child such love repay ?
That very love hath told the way.

I must think much of God ; must give
Him daily thanks ; must learn to live
As He commands ; and seek and pray
To know the right, the heavenly way.

✓
TRUST IN GOD.

O Thou ! whose constant love has shed
Unnumbered blessings round my head ;
Whose goodness and whose mighty power
Guard and defend me every hour ;
To Thee I come, in humble prayer,
To ask for thy continued care.

Father ! I know the hour shall come,
When Thou shalt call thy children home ;
May I so live through joy or wo,
So do my duty here below,
That when my time on earth shall cease,
I may enjoy eternal peace.

To Thee I come without one fear ;
I know that Thou dost always hear ;
That Thou art ready to forgive,
And lead me as I ought to live ;
If I but seek to do thy will,
Thou art my watchful guardian still.

✓ PRAYER AGAINST SIN.

Oh may we never, Lord, in youth
'Thy heavenly precepts disobey ;
Or leave the pleasant path of truth,
In sin's deceitful ways to stray.

So shalt thou grant thy children strength,
The varied ills of life to bear ;
Receive our souls in heaven at length,
To live with Thee forever there.

✓ OBEDIENCE.

Earth is the school where I must learn
To do my Father's will,
That when he calls me to return,
I may be with him still.

Here I must purify my heart,
My selfishness subdue ;
Father, thy gracious aid impart,
My strength, my power renew.

That I may pure and holy rise
To meet a Father's love,
Far, far beyond the starry skies,
In that bright home above.

✓ KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Father ! I love to read of Thee,
And learn of heaven above ;
To hear what Thou hast done for me,
By thy unceasing love.

To think that all this world contains
Was made and formed by Thee ;
And yet the Power which all sustains
Has thought and care for me.

That Thou art ever kind and good,
My constant blessings prove ;
My home, my friends, my daily food,
Speak thy unfailing love.

Father! I know each living thing
Should sing its Maker's praise;
O let me then my tribute bring,
And swell these sacred lays.

DISMISSION HYMN.

Father Grant us, Lord, thy choicest blessing,
Smile on all our efforts here;
Oh forgive us, though transgressing;
May we each thy favor share.

When exposed to life's temptation,
Guide us safe from every snare;
Keep us, Lord, by thy salvation,
Guard us with thy watchful care.

DISMISSION HYMN.

Grateful thanks, before we part,
Father! rise from every heart,
For this blessed season, given
To prepare our souls for heaven.

Give the teachings of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress each saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.

Guide and guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where—sweet sabbaths never o'er—
We shall meet, and part no more.

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LESSONS
AND
PRAYERS.



LESSONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

PRAISE OF GOD.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.—
Psalm xc.

THE CREATION OF THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light ; and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.

And God called the light, day ; and the darkness he called night.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters : and it was so.

And God called the firmament, heaven.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear : and it was so.

And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he seas. And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind : and it was so. And God saw that it was good.

And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night ; he made the stars also. And God saw that it was good.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind. And God saw that it was good.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind. And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.

And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good. — *Genesis i.*

3

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them. For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. — *Exodus xx.*

4

THE WORKS AND COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, their

voice is not heard ; yet their sound is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun ; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple :

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes :

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer. —
Psalm xix.

THE UNIVERSAL PRESENCE OF GOD.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-setting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compasses my path, and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before; and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me: and lead me in the way everlasting. — *Psalms* cxxxix.

6 THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

Believest thou not, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me ; or else believe me for the very works' sake.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. —
John xiv.

7

THE BEATITUDES.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him ;

And he opened his mouth, and taught them ; saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. — *Matthew v.*

8

INSTRUCTIONS OF JESUS CHRIST.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

What man is there of you, who, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone ; or if he ask a fish, will give him a serpent ?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction ; and many there be who go in thereat :

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life ; and few there be that find it.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.

Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock :

And the rain descended, and the floods came,

and the winds blew and beat upon that house ; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand :

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house ; and it fell, and great was the fall of it. — *Matthew vii.*

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life ?

Jesus said unto him, What is written in the law ? how readest thou ?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind ; and thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right ; this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor ?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain

priest that way ; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him.

Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise. — *Luke x.*

10

CHRISTIAN COUNSELS.

I beseech you therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

Let love be without dissimulation.

Abhor that which is evil ; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love ; in honor preferring one another ;

Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord ; rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation ; continuing instant in prayer.

Bless them who persecute you ; bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. — *Romans* xii.

P R A Y E R S .

[In using these prayers, it is intended that each sentence should be separately read by the superintendent, and repeated by the children.]

Our Father who art in heaven ! Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

WORSHIP.

Our Father who art in heaven ! We worship Thee, who art the Greatest and Best of beings. We rejoice to call Thee our Father. May we live as thy children should always live. Fill our hearts with reverence and trust. Dispose us to do thy will, and deliver us from the evil that is in the world. We thank Thee that thou hast sent Jesus Christ to be our teacher and friend. May we learn of him, and try to be like him. May we have peace and joy through obedience to his instructions. We thank Thee that we meet here this morning to be made

wiser and better. Do thou help us to do right here and every where. Forgive, O God, all that has been wrong in us. And hear us in our prayers for thine own goodness' sake. Amen.

ADORATION AND SUPPLICATION.

O God! We thank Thee for this day. The sun as it shines, tells us that thou art good. The air that we breathe is thy gift. Our bodies are thine, for Thou hast made them. Our souls are thine, for Thou hast given us understanding. All that we enjoy comes from Thee. Thanks be to Thee, oh our Father, for all thy blessings. May we love Thee, whose love to us is so constant; and as we love Thee, may we become obedient to thy will. We thank Thee for making known to us thy will by Jesus Christ, thy dear Son. Oh may we keep his commandments, and so please Thee, his Father and our Father. Through him we have learned to pray, that Thou wilt forgive our sins; forgive Thou them for thy mercy's sake. Heavenly Father, we implore thy blessing upon this school. May we here be guided in ways of wisdom and happiness. Let thy favor rest upon us. And thine be all the glory. Amen.

FILIAL PIETY.

Our Father who art in heaven! We seek Thee in prayer. Let us come to thee in filial

reverence and love. We desire to feel that Thou art with us, though we see Thee not. Thou art a spirit, and they who worship Thee must worship Thee in spirit and in truth. We would bring to Thee spiritual homage and bow down our souls before Thee. May thy greatness fill us with awe, while thy goodness shall inspire us with an humble confidence. Banish Thou from our minds all unbelief, and save us from forgetfulness of Thee. Make us thy dear children, who shall delight to think of Thee, and shall always trust in thy care. We are glad and thankful that Jesus Christ came to teach us how great and good Thou art. May his words abide with us, and his spirit of filial piety be ours. May we here learn to understand and treasure up what he said, and be led to copy his example; that so we may dwell with him forever, in thy holy and blissful presence. Amen.

GRATITUDE.

God of love! We thank Thee that another morning has called us from our homes to this place. We thank Thee for our homes, for our tender parents, for our kind friends, for all who love us, and do us good. Every friend and every blessing is given us by Thee, who hast made every thing, and whose goodness has no end. We thank Thee for the teachers

who meet us here, for the truths we here learn, and for the pleasure we here enjoy. It is Thou who hast given us our birth and education in a Christian land. Thou didst send thy Son to bless us with blessings of the mind and heart, that may always be ours. Accept our thanks. And grant us, Heavenly Father, thy continual help, that we may live as we ought in the midst of so many things to make us good and happy. Bless all of us, we beseech Thee. We pray for one another. May those who teach, be taught by Thee. May those who come to learn, get instruction that may guide them in all their duties. May thy care and thy love be with our friends. And may we all enjoy thy goodness here and forever. Amen.

PENITENCE.

Oh God, our Heavenly Father! Hear us when we pray to Thee. We come to acknowledge our dependence and our unworthiness. We need thy forgiveness and thy help. We have done many things which we knew to be wrong. We have not loved Thee so much as we ought. We have had bad thoughts and feelings, for which we are sorry, and we beseech Thee to forgive us. Oh that we might always try to do right. Teach us, Merciful God, to know our duty; and assist us, that we may do it. May we watch over ourselves, and keep our hearts from evil. May we resist

every temptation to do wrong. May the fear and the love of Thee dwell together in our hearts. We thank Thee that we have immortal souls, that may be prepared for heaven by repentance and obedience. Let us so live in this world that we may be happy forever. Let the instruction which we receive in this place have an influence on our characters and lives. Let us enjoy thy favor here, and hereafter. And all the praise shall be to thy mercy, in which we have learned to trust through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

JESUS CHRIST.

Gracious God! We call on Thee as our Father. For Jesus Christ has taught us when we pray, to say, Our Father who art in heaven. We thank Thee that Thou didst so love the world as to send thy dear Son to save men from error and sin. We rejoice that we have heard of thy truth and mercy through Christ. May we learn of him who spoke and did according to thy will, and who lived and died for our good. May we be like him in his gentleness, his humility, his love of others, and his love of Thee. May we grow more like him every day that we live. May his life seem to us as true, and his character as beautiful, as they were. Oh help us, our Father, to remember and honor the Saviour whom Thou hast given us. When we come to this place

to read and hear about him, may we bring teachable minds and open hearts. May we enjoy the hour that we spend here, and go away with good thoughts and good feelings. May we strive to be good as long as we live; that when we die, we may be welcomed by Jesus Christ to the mansions which he has gone to prepare. Amen.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

O Lord our God! Thou art great and glorious. Thou art holy and infinite. We are thy creatures, who live in thy sight, and are kept by thy care. We see Thee not, but Thou always seest us. Thou searchest our hearts, and knowest all our ways. Make us to feel thy constant presence. May we live as seeing Thee who art invisible. May we watch over our tempers and feelings, that they may not offend thee. Help us to grow in goodness. Help us to fear and love Thee. Help us to do thy will, that we may enjoy thy favor. Forgive all our sins, which we have thoughtlessly or wilfully committed. Lead us to repentance, and save us from all evil for thy goodness' and mercy's sake. Amen.

IMMORTALITY.

Our Father in Heaven, Author of life and of every blessing! We render thanks to Thee

who hast given us being. We praise Thee for our creation and preservation. We thank Thee for our bodies so curiously and wonderfully made, and still more for our souls, through which we are able to know and love Thee. O God, we bless Thee that thou hast made us to live forever, and hast sent thine own Son to bring life and immortality to light. In our Christian faith and hope we rejoice before Thee, our Father and our God. Oh may we live under the influence of those truths which Jesus Christ taught. May we live in the hope of heaven, and in preparation for eternal life. Teach us not to fear death, but to look beyond it to another and better world than this. May we so spend every day here that we may be ready and willing to die, when and where Thou shalt please. If we should pass many years on earth, may they all be spent in obedience to thy will. And if we should be soon taken away from all that we love here, may we go to join the spirits of the good and happy, where we may always serve Thee; to whom belong all praise and glory. Amen.

CHARACTER.

Holy and Merciful Father! Before Thee would we bow down in homage. Thou alone art God, supreme and everlasting. In Thee do we put our trust. In our ignorance and feebleness we come to Thee, who knowest our

want, and art more willing to give what we need than we are to ask it. We come not to ask that Thou wilt give us the wealth or pleasure of this world. We ask not that Thou wilt save us from the trials which it would be good for us to bear. Our heart's desire and prayer is, that we may be kept in ways of truth and righteousness. May we study and practise what is right. May we grow in goodness as we grow in age. May we learn the lessons of duty which Thou hast given us by Jesus Christ. May he be our teacher and pattern. We have done wrong; oh God our Father, forgive us. May we try to do wrong no more, but keep consciences void of offence. Let not our lips be stained by falsehood, nor our hearts be inflamed by passion. But may we form characters that shall fit us for usefulness here so long as we shall live, and for a blessed immortality hereafter. And thine shall be all the praise forever. Amen.

GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

O Thou who hearest prayer, our Father and our God! In the glad and holy light of this morning we meet before Thee. Thou hast given us the sweet rest of sleep, and hast called us to rejoice in the blessings of the day. Thou art our constant Guardian and Benefactor. We praise Thee, and would lift up our voices in thanksgiving, to celebrate thy

lovingkindness and mercy. May thy goodness lead us to repentance, and bind us to Thee in gratitude. May our hearts trust in Thee, and find peace. Fill us, oh God, with thine own spirit of truth and love. Deliver us from whatever is false and evil. Strengthen our good purposes, and rebuke our wrong desires. Let us not be blinded by folly, nor be overcome by temptation. May it be our delight to do thy will in the days of our health and gladness; and if Thou shouldst call us to bear any kind of suffering, may we still say, Thy will be done. Guide us by thy counsel so long as we live, and prepare us for thy judgment hereafter. We pray for them whom we love. May our parents, our friends, our teachers be led in paths of peace and salvation. May all men be taught the way of righteousness. Do Thou enlighten the ignorant, convert the sinful, comfort the miserable, and let all people seek Thee, and find Thee through Jesus Christ the Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

APPENDIX.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF THE

FEDERAL STREET CONGREGATION.

1. The School is open to all the children of the congregation; of which also the teachers are members.

2. It is held in the meeting-house every Sunday, from the 1st of October to the 1st of July, during the hour between the ringing of the first and second bells for public worship in the morning.

3. The exercises of the School begin with a lesson from Scripture, followed by prayer and singing. After which, unless there be a general lesson, the classes go to their several pews and remain with their teachers till the

close of the School, when they again join in singing.

4. A general lesson is given, usually, once a fortnight, by the junior minister, the superintendent, or some one of the teachers.

5. For the greater convenience and the more thorough character of the instruction, especially within the short time allowed, the classes are small; the number in a class, it is thought, should not, except for some good reason, exceed five.

6. In arranging the children in classes, regard is paid rather to their capacity and previous instruction than to age.

7. Instruction is given principally by means of conversation between the teachers and their classes. The Bible is the book most used, portions of it being read and explained, or being taken as subjects of conversation. Some of the younger children learn hymns, and the older scholars are taught from such books besides the Bible as their teachers may think most suitable.

1. Teachers' meetings are held, except in the summer, once a month, or once a fortnight, as may be annually determined.

2. These meetings are held on Saturday evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock, or from 7 1-2 to 9 1-2 o'clock, at the house of the junior minister.

3. The time of the meeting is divided between conversation on the state of the School, discussion of questions interesting to the teachers of a Sunday School, and exposition of Scripture or remarks upon the exercises adopted in the School.

A complete course of instruction for a Sunday School would embrace the following branches of study ; and so far as circumstances may permit, the children should be carried through such a course, by beginning at the earliest age at which they enter the School with the first of these exercises, and leading them on successively to the last. It may be impossible to introduce or to maintain such an order of instruction, but the classes might be arranged and taught with reference to it.

I. HYMNS and Sacred Poetry ;

PASSAGES of Scripture ;

To be committed to memory.

II. CONVERSATION between the teacher and the children — on

The spiritual nature of the child ;

His relations to God ;

His relations to his fellow-beings ;

The dispositions that should be cherished ;

The tempers that should be repressed ;

The habits of speech and action that are proper or improper.

Such conversation would bring up various topics that fall under the general titles, of faith, and character. It should follow very much the direction given it by the child, who should be encouraged to ask questions, and not be suffered to remain a passive listener. Advantage may be taken of familiar incidents, of the occurrences of the week, or of facts borrowed from biography. Abstract teaching should be avoided, and truth be taught by illustration and narrative.

CATECHISMS may be used in this stage of the instruction. The best, probably, are Dr. Carpenter's, that prepared by Dr. Channing and Mr. Thacher, and that published by the Worcester Association.

III. HISTORY OF JESUS CHRIST.

In its principal facts only — without entering into criticism ; using the New Testament as the only text book ; presenting to the child the Savior's life and character in a manner suitable to his early age.

IV. NOTICES of the principal personages of the OLD TESTAMENT.

The teacher may here give his class some brief account of Abraham, Moses, David, &c., with the story of Joseph, and other narratives which they would comprehend, and in which they might be expected to take an interest.

V. LESSONS FROM NATURE AND PROVIDENCE.

These may be given orally, but should be

more systematic and extended than those which come under No. II. They should afford illustrations of the Divine power, wisdom and goodness, as seen in "the things that are made;" of the Divine government as exhibited in the course of events; of human life and character as displayed in biography and history. Many of the facts of natural science might be profitably introduced.

VI. HISTORY OF JESUS CHRIST — in full.

The Gospels should now be carefully read and explained. The life of Jesus should be studied by means of a Harmony — Palfrey's for example; his miracles, parables, and other discourses should be separately examined; and pains be taken to give the class as full an insight as may be into the character of Christ. Such a book as Ware's "Life of the Saviour" may be used, and the teacher should prepare himself by the help of Commentaries and other works elucidating the meaning of Scripture.

VII. OLD TESTAMENT.

Its history and biography;

The Jewish Law;

The devotional and prophetical books.

Portions of these several parts of the Old Testament may be read and explained, and some general views be given of the Mosaic dispensation, and the course of ancient prophecy. Perhaps nothing more can be attempted in a Sunday School.

VIII. HISTORY of the early spread of CHRISTIANITY, as related in the book of the ACTS.

IX. THE EPISTLES of the New Testament.

Portions of these may be read, and the design and plan of each Epistle be briefly explained, according to the method recommended and adopted by Locke.

X. PRINCIPLES AND DUTIES OF RELIGION.

The teacher may now give moral and religious instruction in forms suitable rather to youth than to childhood. He should explain the foundation and the elements of duty; should make clear the nature and the propriety of faith; should show what piety is, its excellence, and the means by which it may be cherished; what morality is, its origin and authority; what the christian character is, how it may be acquired and strengthened. Such a book as Ware's "Formation of the Christian Character," or the third part of the Geneva Catechism, may be taken into the School, but it is better that the instruction, should be given in conversation.

XI. DOCTRINES of Christianity—absolutely.

The teacher may exhibit and illustrate the doctrines of the Christian faith as he understands them, without any notice of other opinions; his object being to give his class a view of the religious belief of a Christian, as he gathers it from the Bible.

XII. DOCTRINES of Christianity — controversially examined.

The object in this, the final part of the course, would be twofold — to *prove* the justice of the statements made under the last head, and to show the erroneous nature of opinions which may have gained currency. This however should be done with great discretion, and with a view to relieve the mind of the pupil of difficulties with which it may be embarrassed, and not to make him either dogmatical or sectarian.

If after leaving the Sunday School the children should attend a course of exercises with their minister on the following subjects, they would at its close have been carried through a thorough course of religious instruction.

Evidences of Christianity.

Natural Religion.

Sacred Geography.

Moral Philosophy.

Ecclesiastical History.

History of Religions.





